MARY C. DICKINSON.

Poto Thine outstretched hand We lay it all; Only at Thy command Can ill befall; And secret good must hide In seeming ill, Yelcomed and loved, because

Thy will, that takes the ating From every care;
Thy will, that joy can bring
From our despair;
Thy will, that turns to gain
Our shame and loss,
That lets the crown remain And takes our cross.

Dear Lord, Thy gracious will, Once understood, We in Thy hands lie still; Make Thou us good. No fear, no care have we, No way, no choice; Whate'er Thy teaching be, We must rejoice.

Even the rod is sweet In Thy employ; There can be at Thy feet. Nothing but joy, And naught but sweetest neace In any smart, For souls whose life is hid In God's great heart.

THE GIPSY'S CURSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUILTY WITHOUT CRIME," "THE WRECKERS OF ERNA DOON." ETC.

CHAPTER I.

It was not often that anything of importance occurred at Scarth Abbot, a picturesque straggling village among the Cumberland hills, eight miles from the nearest railway station and an equal distance from the nearest town. Year after year nothing more remarkable than a death or a birth, a party at the Larches, a schoolfeast at the Rectory, broke the monotony of existence in the remote district, and th sudden arrival, from "foreign parts," of the Lord of the Manor, the master of the Court, who owned nearly all the property for miles around, threw the whole district into a fever of excitement, which was increased by the fact that no one expected

He visited the Court at rare intervals, and the last time he came, was about five years back. The people at Searth Abbot said it was a shame for him to go wandering all over the earth, so as to be quite an alien among his own people. But then the Court was a great lonely, rambling place for a man scarcely more than thirty to inhabit, and with neither mother, sister, nor wife; for the owner was still unmarried, though he was the last in the direct line. Scarth Abbot gossips shook their heads when asked why the Court had no mistress, and told a dismal story.

Before the news of the Lord-of-the-Manor's return was a fortnight old another shock went through the inhabitants of Scarth Abbot.

It was asserted that Miss Durnford, the maiden lady who lived at the Grange, was about to receive a new inmate in her household, in the person of a niece from "some-where abroad." Wonders would never cease, said the gossips. Miss Durnford was first cousin to the Sabines of the Larches, who were very great people indeed, and had been at Scarth Abbot since the time of James I. Consequently the new-comer must be second cousin to the

The villagers however knew nothing about her except her name, and Miss Durnford either knew no more or would say no more: for she was no friend to vil lage gossip, and never stooped to feed it. The Doctor's wife contrived to discover that the young lady whose arrival was considered so important was coming from Canada, where her uncle held a Government appointment, and that she was sent over to her aunt because she could not live in the cold climate of the Dominion; but here even indefatigable Mrs. Frampto came to a full stop, and could get no far-

All in the village knew, when, one evening in July, Miss Durnford's carriage drove away towards the station, which was at Moorstown, that it had gone to fetch Miss Costello, and all turned out when the carriage came back, to try to catch a glimpse of the foreigner. But the landau was closed, and nothing was visible except a portmanteau on the box.

The carriage passed throu b the high iron gates, swept up the drive, and stopped before the deep arched doorway of an old red brick house with mullioned windows, and with turrets and buttresses jutting out where one would least expect to find any excrescence.

At the top of the broad low flight of steps leading to the door stood a tall rather angular looking woman of perhaps fifty. five or sixty, dressed in a black satin robe of old fashioned make, and with a lace cap on her smooth gray hair. A pair of grave kindly brown eyes looked out from be-neath thick and still black eyebrows, and the gazers' somewhat formal demeano con in no degree be associated with

Out of the landau, before the footman could jump down to open the door, sprang a girl, graceful as a fawn and attired in traveling-dress of the last Parisian style, who bounded up the steps to meet the old lady's outstretched hands. "Dear auntie," said a sweet young voice.

show good of you to come to the door to "Good of me!" echoed Miss Durnford.

putting her arms about the girl, who was taller than herself. "How else would you have me to receive my sister's child?" kissing the girl fondly as she spoke-"Come in, my dear; you must be very tired and very hungry." "Neither the one nor the other," was

the merry response. "Ob, this dear old house I hope I shall not turn you topsy-turvy, auntie! We Transatlantics are so free-and-easy that I may do all sorts of dreadful things; and I am a perfect cata-

Miss Durnford smiled indulgently into a face levely enough to win its owner pardon for far worse escapades than any a gently-nurtured girl of sixteen was likely

e commit, and she said kindly—"
"Well, we'll see; but I dare say the Grange will be better for a revolution. Old maids—in the country especially— grow selfish and narrow-minded, living done, and with no one to think of but themselves; if you do upset the prim order of things a little, it will be the better for

"You would never grow selfish auntie,"

said Miss Costello, scanning her relative's face with a steady but by no means impertinent gaze. "I dare say I shall tease you; but I won't if I can help it."

Miss Durnford laughed; it was not often she had anything to laugh at, and this exercise was novel and pleasant.

exercise was novel and pleasant.
"Come to your room," she said, "and I will ring for Mary, the parior-maid, to wait

I don't need her, auntie, thanks. I don't trouble a maid much at home. Oh" as Miss Durpford, after ascending a short flight of stairs, opened an oaken door __what a darling old-world room! I did miss the old things in Canada so, auntic-

everything was new and staring." "Do you remember Europe so well?" asked Miss Durnford, as the girl threw off her hat and jacket.

"Oh, yes, auntie! We have been out

there only five years. I was seven when we went to Vienna; and we were there we went to Vienna; and we were there till uncle got this appointment in Canada. Is not this place very cold in winter?"

"Very cold indeed. We frequently have the snow as early as October; and netimes the Coalmere-the river that

you see from this window-is frozen, but

ot often, as the current is so strong." "Is it? but you can boat on it, I hope?" "Oh, yes! Are you ready? Let me have a good look at you, Ilma." Ilma folded her white hands demurely

and stood before her aunt. "Ilma," her uncle had written-her pe rents had died years before-sis like neither of her parents, save that she has the dark eyes of the West Country, her father's gift, but only in color. You will not, when you see her, accuse me of undue pride in saying she is altogether out of the way in her beauty. American girls are often handsome; but I have not seen one to equal Ilma. You shall judge. For the rest, she is a regular tom-boy; and she has not a notion of lovers and such nonsense. She prefers boating, toboggin-ning, and tree-climbing; she is as wild as untain breeze, but you will find no evil in her."

Merton Costello had not overrated hi niece's attractions. Her beauty was not only unusual in degree, but of an unique type) showing the rare combination of a fair, though not very fair, complexion, dark eyes and brows, and hair of a dusky gold—real golden hair—clustering all over her small head, in masses of short curls, and straying over her broad white forehead. There was a world of passion and strong feeling slumbering in the large brilliant eyes, which were almost blackeyes that could weep or laugh, look thoughtful or dance with wildest fun; and how expressive were the sweet tender lips closing lightly but firmly over the white teeth!

Miss Durnford half sighed as she drew the girl to her and kissed her tenderly .-There was one in this place, she thought who might find la belle Canadienne too

lovely for his peace of mind.
"Do you know, dear," said Miss Durn ford, as she led the way to the dining-roon "you look so fragile and delicate that the people here will say you are a fairy and have no tangible existence; and I don't what you will think of their rosy cheeks and robust figures." "Are they all rosy-cheeked?" asked II

ma. "Are my cousins Sabine?" "We don't call them very rosy here, replied Miss Durnford, smiling; "but they will look like peonies beside your pale cheeks. You are surely made of alabaster!"

"Am I?" said Ilma, shaking her head "But I am really strong, auntie; only lat-terly Canada seemed to cold for me."

They sat down to that comfortable coun-try meal, "high tea," and for some time Ilma was answering her aunt's inquiries about her journey over, from which it appeared that Miss Costello was a thorough citizen of the world, and knew well how to care for herself. The independence of this golden-haired damsel of sixteen was a new experience to old-fashioned country-bred Miss Durnford, who, strangely enough, saw no danger in a young girl's roving among the country hills and lanes by herself, but a great deal in traveling from London to York alone. Then Ilma turned questioner, and asked about her cousins Sabine

"You shall see them all this evening," said Miss Durnford. "I promised to take you over. Mrs. Sabine is an invalid. Sho s very kind and gentle; you will be very sure to like her. Then there is Roland; he is twenty-five, a clever young fellow .-He is very fond of hunting and fishing and

all sports. "Shall I like him?" asked Ilma. "He is generally liked. I must leave you to form your own opinion, my dear," said Miss Durnford, suddenly growing re-served. "Next comes Rose," she continued; "she is twenty-one or twenty-two; and Janie eighteen. They will be nice companions for you."

"I hope I shall like them," observed Ilma, as they rose from the table.
"I hope so too, dear. Now put on your hat and we will go to the Larches; it is not three minutes walk from here." Ilma hastened for her hat, remarking

as she returned that it was "so nice to go out without gloves." Miss Durnford smiled.

"The people here," she said, "will stare you out of countenance. Your arrival has been quite an event, and your dress they will think 'foreign,' but I suppose it is the fashion.

"Yes," returned Ilms, opening her large brown eyes, "I always had my dresses from Paris. Do I look odd?" "Odd, my child! You look charming. see you don't know much about country

"No, I have never lived in the country. I think I should like it for a time." Aunt and niece sallied forth, and certainly Miss Costello was stared at as if she had been a visitant from another sphere; while remarks upon her appearance and attire were made with delight-ful frankness in a dialect however which effectually concealed their purport from the Canadian. But there was only a limited eigner," for the gates of the Larches were

oon feached, and shut out village curios-(To be continued.)

ity.

Hearts Bent on Butter.

Elvina Mulcassady sat in the gorgeously furnished parlors of her father's noble mansion, gazing into the eyes of the one being on earth who loved her passionately. Though his hair was parted in the middle he seemed strangely intelligent. His left arm had strangled around the waist of the fair young girl, and her pliant form sank deep into the creases of his mark-down suit. They had been conversing, but her lips had become entangled in his mustache, and conversation had temporarily lagged.

"Elvina, why do you look so 31 degrees below zero-that is to say, coldly upon my suit?" he asked.
"You are a bank cashier," she said,

musingly, "and yet you are poor." "But I am very honest," he replied,

engerly. "Then you will never be rich." she answered, calmly. "Uberto, I am very "I respect you for it!" he exclaimed.

warmly. "I can never be the bride of a poor man," she said. "Even now there is a shadow upon our house. Unless father fails again this fall we shall be

compelled to give up our childhood's home an seek for board." The young eashier shuddered. Tears started to his eyes. "Why are you moved so strangely,

Uberto?" the young girl asked, ten "I have been there, Elvina," he re

"Do you wonder, then, that I hesitate?" she exclaimed. "No, Elvina, I do not blame you."

"It is hard to eat cold hash, Uberto," she said, earnestly.
"It is," he replied, "and you would never get a second piece of pic, El-

"I am fond of pie, Uberto."
"Yet, he answered, gloomily, "it seems hard that a boarding-house should sunder two loving hearts."
"There is one thing we have not thought of, Uberto," she exclaimed, and a hollow look came into her eyes; "the butter!"

"We could never stand that, Elvina," he mound hever stated that he mound, hoarsely.

'The flat portion of your head is attaining great prominence, Uberto," she replied.—Chicago Tribune.

How Miners Pass the Winter. Hundreds of miners are snow-bounn the mountains of Colorado, and must remain so for several months. It is nteresting to glance at the condition of the majority of these isolated dwell-ers on the sides and near the summits of the ranges which constitute the back-bone of this continent. Their cabins are commodious, warm and comfortable, and are generally situated at or near tunnel workings, which afford them easy and safe access to the scenes of their day and night shifts of toil. These drifts are utilized as storehouses for provisions of all kinds, and while some are natural ice-houses, others are temperate enough for articles that would be injured by freezing. The experienced, prudent miner locates his cabin in the timber, which tempers the furious wind-storms and also protects him from the dangers of the dreaded snow-slides. If the situation is above timber line, he chooses a flat spot, above which the mountains are not high enough to hold snow-banks to break away and sweep down upon him. or plants his stout cabin beneath a sheltering ridge of solid rock in place

or upon a "hog-back," which is the sharp divide between two gulches, and

upon which both the winds and the

contour of the ground prevent snow

from accumulating. Granting that he has safety secured to him, what are the remaining conditions of his months of

imprisonment? The natural tastes and

domestic instincts of the individual are

the guage of his preparation for thor-

ough enjoyment or mere toleration of

his voluntary exile, and hence the hab-

its and customs, the pleasures and amusements, and the modes of living are as variable as among the same class of individuals wintering in towns and cities. But, as a rule, the menu is excellent. thanks to the canning of fruits, vege-tables, meats and all kinds of preserves and relishes. Intellectual pabulum can be made as diversified as in lower altitudes, with the one exception of daily newspapers. Those possessing music, tastes and accomplishments provide generously for enlivening the hours between labor and rest. convivial soul takes good care that the flowing bowl does not become exhaust-ed ere the snow melts from the trails, or that the tobacco plug and pouch are ample for himself and all chance visitors. Water is obtained by melting the

snows, and supplies of wood are pre-

viously prepared. The miners, from their cozy cabins, are the observers of the terrific battles of the elements, and not infrequently witness nature's most awe-inspiring throes, commonly termed snow-slides. The snowfall amounts to from three to ten feet in depth on the level, and this is banked by the winds into drifts hundreds of feet in height and covering hundreds and thousands of acres in extent, according to the lay of the land, and when they become top-heavy, or the lower supports give way by melting or settling, the whole mass plunges down the steep mountain sides, uprooting, overturning and crumbling all obstacles in its pathway, until its force is spent in the valley below or against the opposite mountain side. It is im-possible to conceive the enormity of the destructive power of a huge snowslide until one follows in its wake down a mountain where it has cut a huge swath through a heavy forest, hurled from their base gigantic bolders, scooped out the channel of a frozen river, and deposited the entire debris in solid mass far up upon the opposite bank of the canon. Miners have be-come expert in detecting the location and direction of impending slides, and are thus enabled to avoid them. however, become reckless or careless in estimating the time of their occurrence, and, by passing over the field they expect to see move later on, are engulfed in its sudden breaking away, and are hurried to a death they might have escaped by the exercise of more patience. The web and Norwegian shoes enable the practiced operator to climb the mountains and swiftly descend them to the settlements, for mail or any necessaries of life which have not been previously supplied. The writer has often been surprised most agreeably at the preparations for comfortable and even luxurious living by men thus snow-bound in the mountains in different parts of the State, and in only a few instances has noticed any scarcity or lack of variety in

tional enjoyment. - Denver Republican. Proposed in a Street Car.

the essentials of either comfort or ra-

The bleak and uninviting interior of a street car, with the thermometer twenty degrees below freezing point, was the scene of a proposal of mar-riage. The hour was 9:30; the car one of the amber-hued chariots of the Thirteenth and Fifteenth streets line, Philadelphia, and the interested parties a pretty girl of about nineteen summers. with dark eyes and rosy cheeks, and a young man of two or three and twenty.
"Are you cold, Amelia?" came in

gentle tones across the car. "Yes, Charley," was the half-whis-pered reply. And Charley snuggled up close and took Amelia's hand in his. He then glanced at her in a loving way, looked across at the reporter, who was apparently asleep, noticed that the conductor was entirely oc-cupied in keeping his feet warm, and, after giving one or two coughs, said,

"Do you recollect what I told you the first time I met you, Amelia?" "No, Charley. What?"
"Why, that I had never been in love,

and that it would be a cold day when I'd ask a girl to marry me." "Oh, yes; but why do you ask?"
"Well, this is a very cold day, Ame-

lia, isn't it?" "Yes, Charley; but why?" and she blushed as she glanced up at him, and as his face drew nearer hers. 'Well, will you?'

There was a silence for a r but for the jingle, jingle of the bells and the shuffling of the conductor's feet upon the ley platform. Then, she slipped her hand into his, blushed, even rosier than before, and whispered,

"Bless you, my children," exclaimed the delighted reporter; and, as the lovers half started abashed at the unexpected discovery of their secret, the scribe shot out of the doorway and hurried away.—Philadelphia Record.

Prepared to Support Husbands.

Where are all these handsome young 'Where are all these handsome young ladies going?' asked an old gentleman of a policeman in the Cooper Union recently, as he stood gazing in admiration at a group of a dozen young women who were waiting for the elevator to carry them up to the art and telegraphic schools on the upper floor of the building. graphic scho

"They are going to their classes," was the answer. "Why they needn't learn a trade or

profession. They're too handsome, and

might easily get married," said the

"Yes, but they want to be prenared for an emergency," said the efficer. "If, when they do get married, they have to support their husbands it's well enough for them to have a profession of some kind to fall back upon."

The Tramp Finds a Friend and De-fender.

"Come in, come in," said the gro ceryman to the bad boy, as he stopped on the doorstep outside the grocery to go down in his pistol pocket for a little change for a tramp that had come out of the grocery just ahead of the gro-ceryman's boot. "Come right in, and don't stand there talking with such cattle," and the groceryman looked as mad as though he had left the spigot of the molasses barrel running.

"What's the matter with you?" said the bad boy, as he watched the tramp go into a bakery and come out with a loaf of bread, and go off chewing the end of it as though it was the sweetest morsel a white man ever put a tooth into, and the smile the tramp showed on one side of the bread as he saluted the bad boy through the window was worth a dollar to the boy. "You seem to have got out of the wrong end of the bed this morning. What ails bed this morning. you?

"Oh, the tramps, and beggars, and subscriptions and games to beat an honest man out of his hard-earned money," said the groceryman, as he threw a hatchet on the floor with which he had been splitting up a box, and kicked a market basket across the room. "There is not a day but some one comes in here after money. Why don't these tramps go to work? Why don't people that haven't got any mon-ey go to the poor house? Why don't sick people go to the hospital? Con-demn it, I have had people come in here for help for the old ladies' home, and the old men's home, and the sell and the old men's home, and to sell ball tickets to help people that have been sand-bagged, till I hope I may never see another person asking for help as long as I live."

'And you never would see another person asking for help, or coming to buy any of your old decayed groceries, if they knew what kind of a hardhearted old pirate you was. You haven't got a heart bigger than a mus-tard seed," said the boy, as he picked up the hatchet for fear the groceryman would split him for kindling

"Yes, I have," said the groceryman, and he appeared a little ashamed of what he had said. "My heart is all right, but they play it on me. The other day I gave a tramp five cents to buy bread, and he went off and bought a glass of beer at a free lunch place.

That made me mad.' "Well, bread, plain dry bread, is pretty hard eating. How would you like to go out on the sidewalk and gnaw a dinner off a loaf of dry bread? The tramp knew his business. He could go to a saloon with that nickel and buy a glass of beer as though he had a bushel of money, and while he was drinking it he could go to the lunch counter and get sausage, and rye bread, and head cheese, and liver, and cold ham, all for nothing. If you had or y a nickel left, and had a fullsized stomach, perfectly empty, which would you do, stand out on a cold corner and chew bread, with no water nto a nice warm saloon, buy a glass of beer and have a big warm dinner thrown in for a chromo? By gosh, you would go to the saloon, and you would make the lunch counter look sick. No body else keeps a warm place for tramps to eat free lunches by buying five cents worth of goods, and a tramp would be a fool if he didn't take advantage of such a chance, when the thermometer is thirty degrees below zero."-Peck's Sun.

Married by Proxy.

Among the cabin passengers on the bark Veronica, which arrived at this port from Fayal recently, says the New Bedford Mercury, was a young lady, perhaps twenty years of quite pretty, who was registered on the passenger list by the modest title of louisa Augusta de Olivera. This young lady was married at the islands several weeks ago, yet singularly the first glimpse of her husband was obtained through the cabin window of the Veronica, as he stood on Propeller Wharf impatiently waiting for the vessel to

come alongside the dock. The steward of the Veronica explained to a reporter that marriage by proxy was not uncommon among the islanders. It is becoming popular, for worse than awkward results have frequently followed where the girl has traveled a long distance to meet the man to whom she is betrothed, and the latter refuses to marry because the young lady does not realize his anticipations. Careful mothers are accordingly averse to sending away their daughters on this C. O. D. subject to approval principle, and

now demand some guarantee of good The courtship in the present instance was conducted by friends of the young lady and gentleman. Photographs were exchanged and the compact was made. The bridegroom forwarded a power of attorney, and the ceremony of marriage was performed by a priest at Fayal, marrying the young girl to a man thousands of miles away. The play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out can be no comparison to a wedding

without a bridegroom. With her marriage certificate the young lady engaged passage on the Veronics, and exhibited some impatience, so the steward says, at the length of the passage. As the vessel came up the harbor she grew pardona-bly anxious, and scanned the wharf intently as the vessel was docked. At length a young man came into the cab-in, and said a man on the wharf sent him to see if his wife was aboard. steward asked him to point out the man, which he did. The girl exhibited the liveliest interest, and looked her husband over with a critical and, on

the whole, ap roving eye.
The messeager returned with the liusband. The girl blushed, the husband smiled, and they prosaically shock hands. Each was apparently completely satisfied with their venture, and the husband bore his young wife proudly away.

"You folks don't seem to be troub-ling us much yet," remarked the su-perintendent of an old railroad to the superintendent of a new rival line. would have you to know," was the re-ply, "that we make better time than you every day, and on long trips can beat you by a full hour." "Possibly," answered the first; "but, you see, as there is no one to get on or off, you don't lose any time at stations."

The Detroit Free Press says that four-fifths of the female hired help in that city came from the Dominion.

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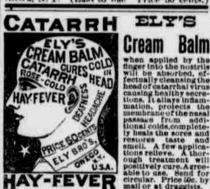
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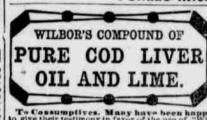
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THE MILLION

A Weekly Politico-Economic Journal Devoted to Tariff Reform. FIRST NO. ISSUED MARCH 8th, 1884.

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